



Beautifully Lost



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Chapter 1 by Rubina Soudagar

She looked at the mess she had made. Trying to find the sharpener she had lost the pencil in that mess now. She looked around her small apartment. She had come to this city dreaming of a career in design. Tears pricked her eyes 'What have I done? Who am I? I made a mess of my life while I had been busy making a career and I have lost myself in that mess.' She never had big dreams. A good job, peaceful house by the river and a happy life.

Chapter 2 by Mrs. Draco Malfoy



But, as she looked around her messy apartment, she knew those dreams might never be realized.

'The boss is coming over to see my designs in less than 5 minutes!' she thought frantically.

Just then, she heard her front door open.

"Lalia? Where are you? I can't find you in this pig-sty of an apartment." It was just her friend/next-door neighbor.

"Ashley! Oh thank goodness you're here. I'm in the backroom. Come back here and help me look for my sketchbook. I don't have time."

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Chapter 3 by Shadowdancer



Ashley finally found her, when half of the mess of cleaned up, and Lalia was rearranging some easels.

"It's like walking through a cave of spiderwebs." Ashley said. "I have to move things in order to make room."

"I know." Lalia rubbed her head, and then looked across the room. "Why are those two drawings together?"

"What?" Ashley turned as Lalia pushed past her and moved a canvas with a bird on it away from the drawings of people.

"Everything needs to be in their proper place." Lalia said.

"And look where that got you!" Ashley waved her arms wildly around the room.

"I know I know." Lalia looked around the room, face puffy like about to cry. "I need to find my sketchbook NOW."

"Why?"

"My boss is coming over to see my designs." Lalia lifted a stack of blank papers to look under it. She looked at the clock. "Oh thank god he is late."

Ashley looked behind boxes and on the desks. "What is he coming over this time?"

"A mural design." Lalia went into the kitchen and was about to wash her hands of blue paints when she found her brown spiral bound book in the sink. "ASHLEY!"

"What?" Ashley came over and Lalia nodded to the desk, hands out to avoid contaminating everything with paint.

Ashley picked it up and Lalia washed her hands, frantically, and then wiped her hands on a paint dried towel.

"Which ones are you showing to your boss?" Ashley asked, flipping through buildings, people, cats and dogs and unfinished sketches.

"Here," Lalia pointed, and there were full sized pages of murals, vastly different from each other in theme.

"Which one do you like?"

"I have no idea." Lalia grabbed her hair. "They are all so good and mean so much! I don't know what to do!"

"How about this one?" Ashley pointed to the last page of a girl walking in field of wheat.

"Oh no no." Lalia took the book away from Ashley. "I just drew because I was bored!"

"Bored?" Ashley said. "You were up all night, weren't you?"

"I didn't know what to draw so I just drew this." Lalia explained.

"You were up all night, weren't you?"

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"Maybe." Lalia sighed and flipped through the pages. "I am just going to chose this one." She pointed at the picture of a beach with random people on it, with kites, tents and dogs.

"Alright." Ashley said, and looked around. "We should clean this up."

"We should." Lalia said.

The doorbell rang.

Chapter 4 by



Lalia froze in panic. "Not now, it's such a mess, my boss can't see this!" She cried out.

Ashley's face lit up. "It's ok, Lalia, I've got an idea. Just use my apartment for today and we can clean this up later." Ashley said, tugging Lalia towards the door, who quickly tried to smooth her hair and clothes down in an effort to look slightly more tidy and professional.

Ashley flung open the door to find an impatient-looking man dressed in a suit that looked rather uncomfortable.

"Um.. Hello!" Ashley greeted Lalia's boss brightly. "There has been a problem with Lalia's..."

"Sink!" Lalia blurted out when she noticed Ashley that was lost for words. "Um... It's flooded."

"Yeah, flooded. There's so much water that you probably shouldn't even look in there," said Ashley, while Lalia's boss just raised an eyebrow in disbelief.

"Well, I am not going to question how you both have dry clothes on just after coming out of the apartment, how no water seemed to have leaked out and how non of you seem very distressed at the thought that Miss Lalia's work might get soaked and ruined. Let's just go inside," he answered, with a small smile on his face.

"Yeah, sure, we've got it all sorted out, not to worry, I'll just open the door..." Ashley rambled on while she unlocked the door and stepped inside, with a very red Lalia following her. However, this embarrassment soon faded as her boss congratulated Lalia on her amazing artwork.

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"Oh. Well... that was more like a doodle..." Lalia's voice drifted away, unsure of how to respond to her boss' surprising announcement.

"Anyhow, it's amazing that a doodle can look so much more than... a doodle. You have real talent, Lalia..." He said, but before she could thank him for the compliment that turned her cheeks a deep red once again, he quickly continued. "... Which is why I have decided to give you the opportunity of a lifetime, which I'm sure you won't regret to take. Trust me."

Chapter 5 by Rubina Soudagar



Trust him? Did she? And what is this opportunity he wants her to take? Thoughts swarm in her mind.

"I've been thinking about this for quite sometime now, Laila. I want you to take the post of Creative Head. You'll be having a team at your disposal, a cabin, a salary hike..."

He ranted off the advantages... But Laila could only think about what he had just said.. Creative Head? Did he really mean it? She was just a designer in the team... Such a jump in the post? Did she really deserve it? Should she agree? She looked at Ashley. She looked happy for her and was nodding frantically.

Laila took a deep breath and said, "Yes, I would love to take the position. Thank you."

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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